

MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

VOL. XVIII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING,

JANUARY 3, 1850.

NO. 1.



Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

Novel mode of propagating Apple Trees.
We have mentioned almost every mode of multiplying or propagating apple trees that could be devised, but have been cautious about recommending those modes which have not been pretty thoroughly tested from the infancy to the old age of the trees.

Planting the seeds and grafting or budding the young trees is the old established mode of propagating extensively the various kinds that we need or desire. The following mode we derive from the Patent Office Reports, communicated to Hon. E. Burke, former Commissioner of Patents, by Timothy Dudley, of Mendon, in Adams county, Illinois. It seems that the plan succeeded well with him, and as he states that the scions took root, and that by breaking off all other roots, he confined the nourishment of the tree to their own roots, it may be a good method. We have never seen the mode tried, and only give it to our readers as an item of intelligence in the business of raising trees, which they may try at their leisure or not as they may deem advisable.

In the spring of 1840, says he, in the early part of March, I procured from the best orchard I could find, two or three large bundles of scions, cut from horizontal branches of the last growth. These I buried in my garden, three inches under ground, till I should want them.

When the season was so far advanced that the buds on the trees began to crack open, and the small leaves to appear, I dug a trench along each line of apple trees, (these had been set out in a nursery, four feet apart, a year before, &c.) about six inches deep and about the same width. I then bent down an apple tree, and with a forked stick drove into the ground, held it there firmly; then with a sharp pointed stout knife and a hammer, I commenced grafting. First, I drove the knife through the tree at the root, and made a cleft large enough to insert the scion. I then with a sharp knife cut my scion about six inches long, sharpened the lower end to a wedge like form, and drove it into the cleft until the bark on the scion just met the bark on the tree; pulled out my large knife; the split in the tree or crotch closed, and held my scion fast. In five or six inches I stuck in another, and continued so on until I came to the top of the tree. I then filled up the trench with fine, loose soil, tramping it down with my feet, leaving only the upper bud out of the earth. The top of the tree I covered up in the same way, leaving the ends of the twigs just out of the ground. In this way I treated one hundred apple trees. They were 1 1/2 inches in diameter, and very thrifty. The scions grew astonishingly well. Of about 800 set, all grew but about twenty, and in two years the scions had formed roots of their own, so that when I took them out, I broke off the root of the old stock and threw it away, and each twig of the top grew and formed roots of its own.

These trees, he says, are now bearing trees. As we said before, we have never seen this mode tried, and cannot recommend it from any experience of our own. If any of our readers in Maine have had experience in this mode of propagating trees, we should be happy to hear from them on the subject.

The Art of Wheat Raising.

Although the culture of wheat has been more or less practiced ever since man has cultivated the earth, it is doubtful if the true art of raising it is fully understood. It is not a difficult thing to raise wheat, when all the elements are favorable to its growth. By this we mean when the composition of the soil, and the weather and other incidents of the climate are right, and insects and certain external enemies do not interfere. But to raise it when all these requisites are not supplied by nature, is not so easy. The great art, therefore, consists in knowing, in the first place, what is needed; and in the second place, how to supply it. Many of the countries of Southern Europe, as Sicily, for instance, which is often times very prolific in this grain, now afford but scanty crops of it. The reason of it is probably this: The material in the soil necessary to make a good crop of wheat, has been exhausted, is taken out and carried off years ago, in the abundant harvests of that time, and the peasants do not know how to supply it again. From what accounts we can gather, the art is understood at the present time as well as, perhaps, in England, as any where else in the world. There are many strong reasons why this should be the case. The crowded state of the population there, causes a great demand for bread stuffs, and these stuffs accordingly bring quickly a comparatively great price. Hence the farmers pay greater attention to the subject, and are remunerated for their extra care and attention, by the advanced state of the markets. In this country, especially in the western wheat-growing States, as they are called, no such incentives act upon the wheat raisers. They have a virgin soil to cultivate. All that is required is to plow, harrow and cast the seed into the earth, and wait patiently for the time of harvest. This course will, in time, exhaust their soil, however fertile it may be now. After generations will be under the necessity of studying the art of wheat raising, or be content with diminished crops. The experience of some of the older States is reading this lesson to them.

It has been doubted if the culture of wheat is any better understood in England than in our own country, or that they do raise any larger crops than are raised in Western New-York. They do, and can be abundantly proved; and even if they raised no better crops, but those equal as good, it must be evidence that they understood the art pretty well, for it must be remembered that their soil has been a long time in cultivation, and if it had not been well replenished with what that crop requires, it would have been exhausted long since.

In the transactions of the New-York State Agricultural Society for 1848, we find a letter from J. Slocum, addressed to the secretary of that Society, on this very subject. Previous to Mr. Slocum's visiting England, he did not believe that the English did raise better wheat crops than were raised in New York; but actual inspection convinced him of the contrary. In the letter referred to, he says: "On the 26th of August, I visited the farm of Mr. Peter Lane, at Nazeby, Northamptonshire, seventy-five miles from London, and was much gratified to find him in the midst of his wheat harvest, and most seriously do I wish I could present to the view of the farmers of this country, his luxuriant fields of wheat, as they appeared to me. Having been bred a farmer, and having had for many years opportunities to observe the wheat crops of Western New-York and of the Western States, I thought I had seen as good wheat as could be produced; but I had never seen anything that could compare with this whole crop, which consisted of about fifty acres of winter wheat and twenty-two of spring wheat. On enquiring of Mr. Lane how much the seventy-two acres would probably yield, he answered four hundred quarters, or thirty-two hundred bushels, and in this estimate he was not disappointed, as I was again at Nazeby in November, when he had thrashed and sold a large portion of his crop. Although this seemed to me an extraordinary yield, it was not so regarded by Mr. Lane, and I was satisfied, from subsequent inquiry and observation, that it was not much above the average yield of the wheat-producing counties of England." The soil of this farm, Mr. S. says, is "what is termed, in England, 'strong land,' being a stiff red clay, intermixed with flint and iron stone, alternating occasionally, in the same field, with loam and gravel."

Our farmers would think they were doing pretty well to average over forty-four bushels to the acre, in a field of seventy-two acres of wheat, and it is fair to infer that this excellent crop must be attributable as much to understanding the art of cultivating as to the strength of the soil.

The Season—1849.

The past season has been in some respects a peculiar one. In the spring, the frost left the ground and the roads became settled earlier than usual. On the 14th of April we noticed several farmers busily engaged in plowing and sowing. We had no very considerable spring freshets; and during the summer, in this section, and throughout New England generally, there was a severe and long continued drought, such as we have not had for many years before. The latter part of the month of June was characterized by unusually hot weather—the mean temperature of two weeks in that month was higher, we believe, than it was for any other two weeks of the season. The warmest day was July 13th. The mean temperature of the month of July was higher than that of June, and August was cooler than either June or July. During the whole season there have been but very few thunder showers, and a remarkable absence of thunder and lightning has been observed all over the country.

The autumn of 1849 has been unusually mild and free from frost. The rains of early autumn seemed to infuse new life into vegetation, and we noticed many plants putting out new blossoms and fruit. Common roses and dandelions were seen frequently in October, and raspberries and strawberries were gathered in the open fields the same month. There was hardly frost enough to injure vegetation until the 1st of December.

The hay crop of the past summer was considerably less, generally, in quantity, than the previous crop, although it was of unusually good quality, and well secured. The corn was somewhat injured by the drought, but it was sound and well ripened, and the yield not far from an average. Beans, so far as we have noticed, have yielded well and are free from rust. The drought operated against the flax crop, and injured it considerably; but we believe those who commenced raising it last year are far from being discouraged. Oats in this vicinity have not done quite so well as they sometimes do. The pastures were diminished for the greater part of the season, which diminished the amount of dairy products considerably. Wheat and potatoes have succeeded better than for several years previously. The potatoes have suffered but little, comparatively, from rust or rot, and they were of much better quality, and the feeling is beginning to prevail that that mysterious scourge, the potato disease, is passing away. The wheat crop, too, has not suffered as usual from the ravages of the midge or weevil; and both the winter and spring varieties have done remarkably well. These things are highly encouraging to the farmers of this State, and unless the hopes inspired by these results should be again blighted, a new impulse will be given to our agriculture, and a much brighter prospect is opening before us.

Benefits of Agricultural Exhibitions.

Hercules Greely, the New York Tribune, in writing from the State Fair at Syracuse, speaks of the utility of such exhibitions:

"There cannot be less than two or three hundred different kinds of agricultural implements on exhibition here—horse-rakes, cultivators, straw-cutters, subsoil and all other plows, new hoes, water wheels, horse power saws, &c. &c. I consider this altogether the most important feature of the Fair. A great ox may be reared by a greater fool; but no man who ever worked a day at farming can spend a day among these implements and inventions without being stimulated to think. The great end of all such exhibitions is an improvement of the breed of farmers—of men. Now the man who has been skimming over a hundred acres of land for the last twenty or thirty years, plowing six inches deep, manuring with his good wishes, and growing fifteen or twenty bushels of corn to the acre, cannot spend a day in one of these Fair enclosures, without being startled and ashamed. These subsoil plows, one of which, properly used, would double his usual product of corn and vegetables, and in dry seasons trouble it—these straw-cutters, with one of which his scanty crop of hay might have been made, with the aid of straw, stalks, &c., to winter his stock bountifully—these cultivators, seed-plants, horse-rakes, and other labor-saving im-

plements, must set him thinking. What sort of crops do those farmers obtain who use such implements? Who make the most by farming—the fifteen or the fifty bushel corn-growers? What sort of farmers is it who are able to buy land, when any is for sale low for cash? What sort of farming leaves land in condition to sell advantageously. These questions arise spontaneously in the simplest minds, and they will be answered. I don't believe a farmer can attend three successive Fairs, and not resolve to farm better through all his life afterward.

No other business could bear to be managed so wretchedly as farming will be. Only think of civilized men killing their bees to get the honey, in this nineteenth century after Christ. Killing a cow to obtain her milk would be on the same principle. Yet to this day half the bee-men smother their bees to get the honey, although the land is full of simple and cheap hives, on a more humane and economical principle. How long shall the stupid barbarism of smothering bees continue?"

Reasons for Cutting Fodder for Stock.

We find that many of our most observing and careful practical farmers are getting into the way of cutting more or less of the winter feed of their stock. Two little attentions has been paid to the economical disposition of the fodder which it requires so much labor to procure. By the careless and improvident manner of feeding practiced by some farmers, no inconsiderable portion of the fodder is wasted. Perhaps a quarter of the fodder used under the old system might be saved by the use of the straw-cutter and proper feeding troughs and racks. This is certainly worth saving. A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator thus sums up the benefits to be derived from cutting feed for stock:

"1st. It can be measured more accurately, giving every one his portion in due season. 2d. It is mixed to perfection, if desired. 3d. As horses and milch cows must have some grain, their whole mess is sweetened, while they receive their grain in the most proper manner. 4th. The water necessary to unite the particles of grain with the seed, softens the same, making easier mastication. Corn-fodder cut and mixed with shorts or meal, goes off well, nor do the long stalks bother in forking over the measure heap. Your horse, by being fed in this systematic way, with chopped feed, is fit for immediate service; you know what he has had, and what he can do. Great errors have been committed, by feeding out hay and solid grain at random, when your horses are fonder by themselves, although it has been charged upon the smith; while many of our favorite dishes are made better and more palatable by the use of the chopping knife."

Good Stock. H. B. Brackett, of Orono, in a letter to the editor of the Bangor Whig and Courier dated Dec. 20, writes as follows:

"Yesterday butchered for Wm. and Jeremiah Colburn, of Orono, a heifer which was but three years old in May last, and weighed when dressed nine hundred and fifteen pounds. And this heifer had a calf in January last, that she sold when ten weeks old for ten dollars, and this calf was killed and when dressed weighed 225 pounds. If you can find anything to best this, bring it on and we will try again."

Management of Sheep.

As the autumn advances you should remove your sheep to a more warm and sheltered situation, in order that they may be screened from the cold rains and chilly nights. If much rain falls you should oil them, or apply some oily ointment, to defend their skins from the wet and dampness. So delicate and tender is the skin of the fine woolled sheep, and so close are their fleeces, that there is great danger of pel being retained by too great exposure to the chilling influence of long and cold storms.

As the grass and herbage decays, it will be necessary to supply its place by such fodder as they will eat, and to increase the quantity in proportion as what they get by grazing diminishes. It should be the endeavor of every farmer to bring his sheep, and indeed all his stock, to the barn in the best possible order. They are thus fitted to withstand the rigors of winter much better, and they will be carried through this inclement season with much less care, and more economically, than they can be if they are poor and emaciated when winter sets in. During the winter, their dependence for food is almost wholly upon man. It is therefore not only absolutely necessary to his interest, but it becomes a sacred duty, to attend upon their wants, and to see that they are judiciously supplied with suitable food at proper times. It is no slight task; and every one who has the charge of sheep should study well their wants and appetites, and govern his proceedings accordingly. It should be a rule with him to fill them with something that they will eat. Some green or heavy food, such as roots, or pine, or hickory leaves, should be given them. Sheep will feed upon as many kinds of food as any ruminating animals, but their appetite is variable.

As spring approaches and the ground becomes bare, sheep are very apt to stray out, if not confined in enclosures, and to crop the withered grass. This should never be allowed, for it takes their appetite from their fodder, and as they cannot graze enough to fill them, they will lose flesh fast. (Northern Shepherd.)

A NEW PREMIUM. We notice that the Agricultural Society of Keene, N. H., have awarded a premium to a Mrs. Livermore, a clergyman's lady, for the best home-made bread. We like this idea well, and hope to see it acted upon by other societies. Let the staff of life be taken in hand, and let the premiums offered be appropriate and worthy the object of having a good loaf of bread.

The truth is, the premium list of our agricultural societies do need revising, altering, and amending, exceedingly. We shall take an early opportunity to offer a few hints upon this matter. Among the rest we shall certainly remember good bread. For we maintain that good bread is intimately related to good morals, as well as happiness, and certainly to good health. Ladies if you would "keep all quiet at home" and keep your husbands there, keep them well supplied with good bread, and let it be the handwork of your own hands, sweetened with smiles and lighted with love; and my word for it, your household shall not only be blessed, but it shall bless you. (American Agriculturist.)

The Corn Crop.

The last summer was what farmers call a warm one—a good summer. The crops were generally good throughout the country. The first held off for a whole month longer than in the average of seasons. In this latitude we had no frost injurious to the produce of uplands till the morning of the fifteenth of October. This weather was particularly favorable to the filling out and ripening of the staple crop of this country—the corn crop. Numerous friends have sent us specimens of good corn. We have long ears—twelve rows and eight rows—large kernel and small kernel—early ripened and late ripened. And who shall decide which kind is the most productive or the most profitable for our latitude?

The seed corn that we procure from districts north of us gives us earlier harvests and makes them more secure from frost—these advantages are not decisive. We want ears that are large enough to be seen and felt while we are husking, for it is not half so much labor to husk a good sized ear as it is to husk a little one. Husking must all be done by manual labor—every ear must be taken up separately and stripped of its husks. A man will strip the husks from a bushel of the very best corn sooner than he will from a half bushel of the small Canada corn. So in a tillage it is easier to hoe a large hill than a small one, but if the labor should be equal on each hill, the man who grows fifty bushels an acre labors but half as long for a bushel as the man who grows but twenty-five.

We have much yet to learn in regard to the cultivation of this important article of produce. Knowledge should be so diffused that one man should not produce two bushels to another's single bushel from the same quantity of land and the same amount of labor. Yet so it is, and so it ever has been since we have had any knowledge of farming operations.

It has never yet been settled whether thick planting or thin planting will insure the most corn. Many of our farmers seem to suppose that there is hardly a limit to the amount that may be grown on an acre provided manure enough is applied. They have no idea of the importance of air and light between the stalks of corn. At some of our meetings in the State House learned men have come forward and proved, in their own estimation, that the number of stalks on an acre may properly be multiplied in proportion to the quantity of manure used.

And yet all practical men will agree, on considering the subject well, that when the land is quite rich the number of stalks should be less—for the stalks will be larger, and large stalks require more room than small ones. Farmers ought to make numerous trials, and report them accurately, to enable all to judge how many stalks may be safely left in a hill when the hills are at the usual distance.

It may be that more corn may be obtained by planting in drills than in hills at one pace distant from each other. Yet of this there is much doubt when the full sized kernels are planted. But admitting that more may be grown by drill planting, this is not conclusive—for more labor would be required in planting, tilling, and harvesting.

It is a long time since we published a particular statement of a gentleman who planted his corn in hills, at the usual distance, with rows each way. His hills were one pace apart. He left one stalk standing in each hill in the first row—two stalks in the second row—three stalks in the third row—four stalks in the fourth row—and five in the fifth.

He then treated the next five rows in the same manner. Then the next five, and so on till he went through the acre. On measuring his corn at harvest time he found that the rows which had three and four stalks respectively in a hill yielded more than the other rows: those with three and four differing but little from each other. We think this result will agree with trials that may be made in almost any field. More attention should be paid to this single point. We are persuaded that much is to be lost by thick planting.

Every improvement that can be made in the cultivation of this crop is important. Potatoes in many places formerly fail out when they are not found rotten the yield is much less than when our lands were comparatively new. One hundred or one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre are now thought a tolerable crop; and yet we are quite as sure of half that quantity of shelled corn, in addition to two tons of valuable fodder for cattle on the same quantity of ground, independent of the consideration that the labor of planting and of harvesting corn is less than that of potatoes, and the cost of seed is not a fifteenth part as much. To these advantages in favor of corn we may add that it is our surest crop, and fits the soil better for grass than any of the grains or roots that we are in the practice of cultivating.

Corn is a native product here. Corn fills the ground with roots that in the succeeding year rot and aid the growth of the next crop. Corn is a good rotation crop, and yet corn may be grown for twenty years in succession on the same ground without any diminution of the harvest. This cannot be said of other grains or vegetables.

The tops and other stover of this plant are not secured with the same care that we bestow on hay and the straw of the several kinds of English grain. What would any of our fresh hay be worth if we permitted it to lie open to the sun for several days—for two or three days after it has become dry enough?

Some farmers are so squeamish that they put up their hay in heaps soon after it is cut, fearing the effects of a hot sun on it while it is spread out thin—they let corn tops lie for several days, high and dry, without so much as trying them in bundles. Let any one bind them up soon after cutting and stack them in the field for a week or two, and he cannot fail to acknowledge the improvement. (Massachusetts Ploughman.)

The Potato Rot.

Dr. Richardson, of Maryland, flatters himself that he has discovered the cause of the potato rot, as appears in the following communication to the agricultural committee of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, which is published in the American Farmer for November:

BALTIMORE COUNTY, Oct. 10, 1849.
Gentlemen:—After three years constant attention to the subject, I flatter myself I have discovered the cause of the potato rot. The rot is produced by the deposition of the egg, and the destruction of the pith or heart of the vine (by consequence, the circulating capillaries) by the larva of an insect. This insect is of the curculio or weevil genus: as there are many species of the curculio in this state, for distinction I have called this the curculio magna. The first deposition of the egg is from the 5th to the 10th of June; (this accounts at once for the acknowledged fact, that very early planted potatoes suffer little with rot, if they do not altogether escape—and why simply because they have got their growth before the vine is poisoned by the insect.)

I have seen no eggs deposited later than 20th August; 10 days after the egg is deposited it hatches; the larva is then very small. The egg is generally placed in the vine about 10 or 15 inches from the root. The larva always eats downward, but seldom goes below the surface of the earth; it feeds for four or five weeks; it then ceases to eat, and, if I may use the term, cocoons, and undergoes its metamorphosis. The larva is about a line and a half in length, perfectly white, with a brown head; it completes its change in about three weeks. If this is early in the season, it leaves the vine, mates and deposits its eggs; if late in the season, it remains quiescent in the stalk; it, as all the other varieties of curculio, hibernates in the ground. I this day had the honor of exhibiting to the agricultural committee the potato in the different stages of the rot, both incipient and perfect—the diseased capillaries in the vine and in the tubes—the destruction in the vine by the course of the larva—its exuvia, as also the curculio, in its perfect state. I regret that from the impossibility of preserving the specimens of the green vine, I was unable to show the commencement of disease, 24 hours after deposition of the egg, extending in 48 hours from the wounded part, by the capillaries to the corresponding capillaries in tubes—as also the continuance of the disease—although the egg had been destroyed by preparatory insects of the order Neuroptera within 24 hours after its deposit. There have been in Ireland, independent of the misery and disease, 250,000 deaths from the potato rot—in this country a loss of many millions bushels. The estimated product in the United States is 114,000,000 bushels; the average loss since this disease has occurred, is about one-third; how important, then, to discover the cause of this immense loss, and a remedy for the evil. That there is a remedy attainable, I have no doubt, from many data in my possession—still, as it would require a large outlay of money, and much time spent in examination and experiments, no prudent person would be justifiable without aid, in making the necessary inquiry.

CHARLES RICHARDSON.

The next thing is to find a preventive. This may be as difficult as to save wheat from the ravages of the weevil. It is hoped Dr. Richardson will be enabled to go on with his experiments by having the requisite funds supplied.

Our Wood Crop.

One of the most singular phenomena connected with our history, is the little fluctuation that ever takes place in our timber market. Wood brings but little more per cord now than it did twenty years ago, and yet the quantity annually consumed by our cook-stoves, steam-engines, charcoal-burners and other artisans, is awful to think of. How a crop that is never renewed stands this continual drainage, with little or no effect on its price, puzzles us to account for. In our opinion, nothing shows the immense resources of our glorious country more than this simple, undeniable and well-known fact. When we take into consideration that the oak timber required for one single ocean steamer would strip as bare as the Greek Slave fifty acres of the best wooded land in the country, some idea may be formed of the quantity of land run over by the axe of the ship-carpenter alone. To supply the ship-yards of New York requires the stripping of five thousand acres of timber-land annually—a supply that seems almost equal to the even the model republic should be equal to for a much longer period; and yet states and pencils inform us that this immense supply can be continued without any sensible addition to the price, or any apparent diminution of our forest lands. This fact will be more readily admitted, when we state that the present supply of ship-timber is principally derived from the States of Florida, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York—the oak of these States being far preferable to that growing farther north, the latter being more spongy and porous. But our great timber-land is Oregon—a country that could supply the demands of all the navies in the world by just "thinning out" its "ship-orchards."

[Albany Knickerbocker.]

PUNY STONE FRUIT. It has been but a few years since the cultivators of fruit have been in the habit of pruning peach trees at the extremities of the branches, instead of cutting off limbs at the trunk. This system of shortening in, as it is called, is gaining ground, and is a great improvement. The reasons for this mode of pruning are evident on examination. Most kinds of stone fruit grow rapidly, and bear the greatest part of their fruit on new wood, which is, of course, near the ends of the limbs. In this way a tree spreads over much land, and has naked branches near the trunk; and pruning at the trunk causes the gum to come out, which sometimes endangers the health or life of the tree.

On the contrary, by pruning at the ends of the branches, the tree is confined to a small space, the wounds have no unfavorable effect, or only affect the twigs and not the trunk, and much new wood is produced for the production of fruit.

OREGON. A letter from Judge Bryant, of Oregon, to a friend in Indiana, says that "it turns out that there are several good harbors on the coast, below the mouth of the Columbia river, although it has heretofore been reported an iron bound coast."

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Agricultural Investigations.

Exercises of the mind, in reflecting upon the course of nature, and the processes of cultivation, are of vast benefit. When the various crops in the field are made matters of study, they possess a value and interest distinct from the amount of money they bring in. They become one's teachers; they give him lessons to be treasured up and used; and it is those only who seek to learn and benefit by these lessons, who really are intelligent and exemplary farmers. A few, by dint of unwearied toil, from year to year, and by a soul-pitching parsimony, may get money; and this, too, without observing any lessons, excepting a few brief ones which were inculcated by others while they were young. But those who stick to the old way, through thick and thin, and by no other reason than because it is the old way, are not good farmers; they are little more than common laborers, who by dint of perseverance get some money, but little else worth having. We are not ridiculing the old ways, but only saying they should be compared with new ones. That the old are, in many cases, the best, is undoubtedly true. It is only by comparing them, that one can satisfy himself fairly and properly which path will lead him most directly to the desired object.

In your corn best, when planted deep in the soil, or when put near the surface? Does the cornfield yield a better crop, when you spread all the manure, or whether you put it wholly or in part in the hill? Is it best to make large hills or small? How many stalks should be left in a hill? How many hills upon the acre, give the largest crop? Is it best to plant in hills or in drills?

For potatoes, it is best to spread all the manure? Or will you put it in the hill? If in the hill, will you have it below or above the seed? Are hills or drills best? Do you cut the seed, or plant it whole? Do you put the seed deep in the earth, or do you keep it near the surface?

Is grass-seed best sowed with grain in the spring? Or will you sow it in August or September? Or will you sow it down to grass with your wheat, whether in spring or fall? Will you simply turn over your hard-wood grass-land, top-dress and put on grass-seed? Which, of these, is the safest or most profitable?

Shall your manure be ploughed under the soil, or will you, after ploughing, put it on the top, and harrow it in? Do you find the most benefit from it when you use it fresh from the barn, or when you let it ferment and pulverize before it goes upon the land?

These and a thousand other questions are disputable, and correct answers to most of them, you must learn, by observations upon your own land, and the lands of your neighbors. If we will but use our experience, and our common sense, in connexion with books, we shall find the books to be valuable aids. [H. Rutan.]

BUCKWHEAT CAKES. The griddle on which cakes are baked, the American Agriculturist says, should never be touched with grease. First, because it imparts a rancid taste to the cakes. Secondly, if a cooking stove be used, it fills the kitchen, if not the whole house, with a smell of burnt grease—to say nothing of the parade and boasting to one's neighbors, by betraying what we are to have for breakfast. Wash the griddle with hot soap suds; scour with dry sand, and when heated for use, rub it well with a spoonful of fine salt and a coarse cloth. It will then be ready to receive the cakes. After each cake is removed, the salt rubbing must be repeated. If the first does not succeed, try it again, and you will ever after follow this advice of an old house-keeper.

The Cotton Crop in some parts of Texas is represented as being exceedingly productive. The average yield in Gonzales county is estimated at over 500 pounds to the acre, and those who planted full crops will not be able to pick all they have made. They have 1000 bales in the county. In Florida, it is also stated that the cotton crop will be fully an average one, while the tobacco crop will be a mine of wealth to the planters.

HUNGARIAN FARMERS. It is said that the celebrated patriot, Ladislaus Ujhazy, (pronounced Wehazy,) late Governor of Comorn and its dependencies, will soon arrive in the United States, with 96 of his compatriots. It is their intention to settle among us. Governor Ujhazy's large estate, at Budamir, was one of the best cultivated in Hungary; in fact, it was considered a model farm. It has been completely devastated by the Austrian armies, and is now confiscated. We hope these noble Hungarians will be successful in raising themselves up equally good estates in our happy country. Here they will at last escape the brutal Austrian bayonet and prison. [American Agriculturist.]

CONVENTION OF IRONWORKERS. A convention of persons interested in the manufacture of iron, was held in Albany on Wednesday last. Delegates were present from the States of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Illinois, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Addresses were made by various persons, in which it was stated that the iron interest was suffering greatly from the importation of inferior qualities of iron, and underselling the domestic manufacturers. The business employs great numbers of laborers; but without some protection, it was likely to be prostrated. The object of the convention was to secure an alteration of the tariff of '46, so as to secure specific, instead of ad valorem duties, such as would furnish some protection. [Traveler.]

GREAT YIELD OF GOLD. We saw, yesterday, 37 bars of gold from the Bunker Mine in Rockingham, the average weight of which was 195 pennyweights each. It is valued by the proprietor at \$6,200, and is the result of 34 days' labor, with 30 hands. As the expenses are rated by him at 30 dollars per diem, the clear profits of the 34 days' work, are upwards of five thousand dollars! [Richmond Whig, Dec. 18.]

POSTAGE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. By a recent arrangement effected by the Hon. G. P. Judd, Hawaiian Commissioner, all letters and regular papers for the Sandwich Islands are forwarded by the first opportunity from that port, whether paid or not. Transient papers are required to be pre-paid to insure their being forwarded.

Economical Mode of Feeding Stock.

Farmers who have but few animals, say two or three cows, a yoke of cattle, or a pair of horses, will find it greatly to their interest to cut their corn-stalks, straw, and even hay, when it bears a high price. When this is done, put the cut fodder into casks of suitable dimensions, take hot water, to prolong the heat, and salt it at the rate of two quarts to a barrel. All know that brine can be kept hot longer than fresh water. Pour this upon the cut fodder, as fast as possible, in order to prevent the escape of heat, cover the head of the cask close with a blanket, or any thing convenient which will keep in the steam, and let it stand half a day, or longer, when it will be found tolerably well cooked. Now place it in troughs for the stock; and if you have a little meal or bran to sprinkle over it, your animals will relish the feed so much the better, and it will do them more good. Corn-stalks, straw, and coarse hay, are worth twice as much for food, when thus prepared, than if thrown out neither cut nor soaked. We give the above from experience, having been in the habit of following the practice for years.

Farmers labor diligently during spring, summer, and autumn, to raise and harvest fodder, then allow a large portion to be wasted from sheer negligence. Winter is their leisure time, and they should endeavor, at some extra pains, to economize the food they have worked so hard to procure. Machines for cutting stalks, straw, and hay, have been much improved and multiplied within a few years past, and can now be had at low prices. It is economical to possess them, and no farmer should be without at least one on his premises. [American Agriculturist.]

ACTING PICTURES. M. Bessel has said, in the hearing of Sir David Brewster, that the vapors of different fluids were analogous to the different colored rays of the solar spectrum, and could, in consequence, produce a red, blue, or violet color. The image of the camera obscura might be projected on any surface—silver, glass, or the smooth cover of a book—without any previous preparation, and the effects would be the same as those produced on a silver plate, covered with iodine. Dr. Moser, of Konigsberg, has made such pictures, and were, by Professor Bessel, brought before the notice of the British Association. He (Professor Bessel) said he had seen some pictures so produced, which were nearly but not quite so good as by Talbotype.

WATERPROOF COMPOSITION FOR COTTON CLOTH. Take of old, pale linseed oil, three pints; sugar of lead, one ounce; and white resin, four ounces. The sugar of lead must be ground with a small quantity of the oil, and then added to the remainder, incorporated with the resin by means of gentle heat. The composition is to be laid on with a brush, shortly after it dries, on exposure to the air. While linen or cotton fabrics, for protecting tender plants and vines, covered with it, excludes all little light and heat, as any other material except glass; besides, it does not mildew. [English paper.]

LOCKED UP. Mr. John B. Gibbs, the hotel keeper of Court Square, has secured a patent for a neat little improvement on locks, by which a man may lock himself into his castle, house, room, study or sanctum—if he has one—and bid defiance to pickpockets, false keys, powder, extra doors, lockers and most bores. By a simple contrivance, applicable to any lock, old or new, when you lock the door on the inside you lock the key hole on the outside, that is to say, draw an iron plate over it, which renders it impervious to everything but a drill, a sort of bore that can be borne better than one which enters and then bores. It will be a great contrivance in hotels, saving the use of bolts, and securing



R. EATON, Proprietor. E. HOLMES, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1850.

Commencement of the Volume and Commencement of the Year.

We commence the 18th volume of the Maine Farmer with the commencement of a new half century. The past half century has gone with "years before the flood." It events form an interesting history, whether relating to individuals, to our country or the world. A glance of the mind can sweep over the whole of it, as it were in a minute. The next half century presents itself as if coming through a long, long series of years, shrouded in the darkness of the future—a darkness impenetrable and unfathomable by the minds of men. What improvements it has in store—what changes for better or worse, to be brought about in the course of its development, no one certainly knows. But, judging from the results of the last half century, it is evident that whoever lives to see the close of the coming one will have reason to congratulate themselves in the possession of many advantages of which we have no conception, and in the enjoyment of social and national strength far superior to what we now enjoy ourselves. If they have not these, they must be to blame, having as they do the accumulated improvements, inventions and experience which are at this moment furnished to their hands as capital to work upon.

To say that they cannot bring about what we anticipate is to say that we have exhausted the powers of nature—developed all her laws, and perfected every system of physical and mental science. No one will say this, and, of course, the comers and actors of the future must either advance or retrograde. There is no standing still in these things, and as retrograding is not the order of the day, we must of course anticipate an advance, and an advance, too, accelerated by the momentum afforded by the advantages gained by the fruits of the last fifty years. Well, now, friend—no matter who you are—we wish you a happy new year, and we mean as we say, a real, genuine, happy new year; but the enjoyment of the happiness of this forth-coming new year depends as much upon the discipline of your own, dear, darling self, as upon any one thing. If you are not much versed in this, had'n't you better get about it!

You don't need the help of your neighbor in this business, so much as you may perhaps think. In fact you had better let your neighbor alone, and study yourself a little; put a few close questions to that personal promoter I, personified by yourself, and, covering up the pomp of self-esteem, and setting that of consciousness at work, call up and examine fairly and impartially all the vices, and follies, and delinquencies that you are apt to encourage and practice. First, get acquainted with, and then take the command of them, and see that you control them, and not they control you. First get yourself right, if you can, and then do your best in benefiting in every appropriate and prudent way that you can, the society in which you live. You were sent into this world to perform useful—to help as well as to be helped—to bless as well as to be blessed—no man can stand neutral. Whether he knows it or not, he is an actor in the great social life, and it is duty to perform his part well, and in proportion as each one does this, will society be rendered prosperous and happy, and thus all will aid, according to his strength and talents, to roll on the improvements and advancements that are to characterize the coming half century of which we have spoken. In the quiet but expressive language of Crockett, "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead," and if you are in reality right in every particular, the going ahead will prove a blessing to yourself and the community at large.

Some who read this will probably be alive on the first of Jan., 1850. May they look back with gratitude and self-complacency on their labors, and feel satisfied that through the aid and blessing of Divine Providence, they have not lived in vain, but that the world is the better for their having been in it.

Since writing the above, a friend at our elbow very anxiously inquires what further improvements we think can possibly take place, and desires us to enumerate some of the anticipated changes that the next half century will develop, especially in steam-engines, telegraphs, and other branches of science and art.

We are neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet; but it requires no great inspiration to discern, by the signs of the times, what may be the results of causes now in action.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and if those shadows are well-defined, we can judge something of the forms and nature of their prototypes. To relieve the anxiety of our friend, we will whisper in his ear, that all the physical properties of steam are not yet ascertained; but are the time spoken of has elapsed, it will be wholly superseded, or find a powerful rival in Electro-Magnetism. There is a mighty giant now slumbering in this electric envelope, and he will be fully aroused, and put in the harness, to do the bidding of man, as easily as steam does it now, and with much less of the heavy and cumbersome gear which steam requires. A better acquaintance with the laws of its action, is only required, to enable us to direct it—to lay it on or off of the work, as we wish, and the thing is done.

The same agent will be successfully employed in matters of minor importance. The mode of separating the component elements of the electric fluid, or of using it in its different conditions or phases, will be ascertained, and put into practical use, especially that element, or condition of it known by the name of light, and the apparatus for producing it will be so simplified and perfected, that a man will be able to carry one in his pocket, no bigger than a thimble, by which, with a single pressure of his finger, an instantaneous and bright light will be made to appear and disappear at his pleasure, and light-houses, on this principle, will be made to twinkle o'er the ocean, without the trouble and expense of blubber or lard oil, or a man to snuff the lamps or prick up the wicks. New principles or laws of chemical action will be developed, and their practical applications to the arts will greatly change the routine of many operations, and among them a cheap solvent or solvent obtained, that will dissolve all that alcohol will, and yet not be capable of being used for producing intoxication; and thus the "old serpent" be kicked out of his plausible excuse for existence, on account of the necessity of his use in the arts. The process of making genuine diamonds will be attained, and thus save the necessity of digging over Golconda, Brazil, or California, for such baubles, which will be

come so plenty that even the poor editors of the day may be a pocket-full of such kind of rocks, and not be deemed over-rich at that. These are a few of the new things to come—call on some of the Editors in 1900, and they'll tell you a thousand more that have come.

Late Railroad Accident in Belgrade.

We, the undersigned, the Committee chosen at a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Belgrade, for the purpose of investigating and making a report of the true causes of the melancholy accident which occurred on the railroad, on the evening of the 23d of November last, after giving due notice of the time, place, and purpose of said meeting, have met together in pursuance of said notice, at the school house, near the lower bridge, in Belgrade, on this thirtieth day of December, 1849, and after examining a goodly number of witnesses, who appeared and presented themselves for examination and eliciting all the facts in our power, pertaining to the accident, the Committee have unanimously come to the conclusion that the accident referred to, was caused by the insufficiency of the track, where the accident happened, and by the unwarrantable speed with which the light cars were driven ahead of the engine, over the track, in its unfinished condition, and not by any obstruction being placed upon the track by design, or otherwise, as has been heretofore represented.

JACOB MAIN,
W. W. SPRINGER,
ISAIAH ROLLINS.

Railroads in Rough Countries.

We recollect having a conversation, several years ago, with a western man, respecting the feasibility of constructing Railroads in Maine, who very gravely gave it as his opinion that it being a "rough, hilly country," we could not expect to have those facilities of travel to any great extent, among us, on that account. Facts have subsequently demonstrated that this is a great mistake.

We doubt if there be an extent of country in the northern sections of the continent, of the same extent, that presents so many and so extensive facilities for Railroads, as can be found in the State of Maine. No where, on the line of the Atlantic and Montreal Railroad, from Portland to city of Montreal, are there any obstacles to be overcome that can compare with some that were encountered on the Western Road, between Boston and Albany; and yet a part of it goes through a mountainous country.

The survey of Col. Long, of the Belfast and Quebec Road, does not make an exhibit of any such formidable obstacles as have been encountered in constructing roads in some of the New-England and Middle States.

Even in the venerable State of Connecticut, "the land of steady habits," and not renowned for mountains, frequently interpose some tremendous obstacles in the construction of her railroads, which would throw the State of Maine into the shade.

The following account of what was encountered in the construction of the Hartford and Willimantic road, will give some idea of what they have overcome by energy and money:

At Hartford, the Connecticut is crossed by a bridge nearly 12,000 feet long, and from 6 to 10 feet higher than the highest high-water mark. On either side of the river, the low lands, which, in times of high-water are entirely overflowed for the distance of more than a mile, are passed upon piles from 8 to 10 feet in height, which are firmly bound together. From the river to the notch in the mountains, a distance of 16 miles, an elevation of more than 400 feet is overcome. In Manchester, the road is carried over a ravine, on a bridge 60 feet in height, and 250 feet long. In Vernon, it is carried over a valley, on a vast embankment of sand, and nearly a mile in length. At the notch, it is cut through the solid rock for more than a mile, and to the depth of from 45 to 60 feet. On each side of the notch, the road is dug out of the sides of almost perpendicular mountain ledges; and in the vicinity of Andover, for miles, it hangs more than a hundred feet above the valley, and presents, as a consequence, one of the most exciting and interesting views that it is possible to conceive.

Augusta Lyceum.

The lecture before the Augusta Lyceum last Thursday evening, by Horace Bridge, Esq., was listened to with unfeigned interest by the unusually large number in attendance.

The lecturer treated of the African Slave Trade, considered simply in its historical character—and from his rare opportunities for exact observation, and minute inquiry into the general subject, afforded by his position as an officer in the U. S. Navy, he was able to paint the traffic in appropriate coloring, even without elaborating the features of the monster with the more effective pencil of the moralist.

We doubt not the audience generally were much surprised at some of the truths he brought to light, touching British philanthropy, in a national sense, by which we were compelled to abate much of our admiration of her conduct in regard to the slave trade. Still we must not fail to discriminate between the selfish and interested policy of Great Britain as a nation, and the lofty, generous and humane sentiments which have made so many of her subjects illustrious leaders in awakening mankind to the abominations and horrors of slavery and the slave trade.

No one could fail to retire from listening to the learned and eloquent lecturer, and the candid and truthful gentleman, without a sigh at the unhappy lot of so many of his fellow men, and an inward prayer that no greater stimulus or motive shall ever be furnished to this inhuman and pitiless traffic, by extending the area of slavery.

President's Message.

We present to our readers the President's Message in full. It is somewhat shorter than messages usually are, and confined to the legitimate subjects of a message and not to any party reasonings. We are glad to find that he recommends the establishment of an Agricultural Bureau. We believe nothing of the kind has been recommended by a President since Washington, and we hope it will not end in a mere recommendation.

He also recommends the reduction of letter postage to five cents for all distances. This will be some gain. Nevertheless we should "keep moving" until it is finally reduced to two cents on letters.

He also recommends a change in the tariff. We believe all parties are convinced that the chances which the present tariff gives to those who are disposed to evade its intended provisions, call for amendments and we hope they will be made.

CITY OF AUGUSTA. At a meeting of the citizens of Augusta, on last Monday, they voted to accept this City Charter, by a vote of 588 in favor, and 190 against it.

HO! FOR THE OFFICERS! The Governor and Council are in session. The official period of the month of the Sheriff, and some other officers, has expired, and a new batch are to be appointed. Lots of new faces are in town.

Gathered News Fragments, &c.

Propelling by wheels. The Scientific American says that the application of wheels to propel boats, dates as far back as the time of the Romans, or, as some say, the Egyptians.

Fire and loss of life. A small frame dwelling house, near the navy yard in Washington, was burned down, on the morning of the 27th. A man and three children were consumed in the flames. It is supposed he was intoxicated.

Value of Street Sweepings. Mud is a queer article of traffic; but the mud of Paris is worth \$100,000 to the city, while at retail it sells for over \$700,000.

Comfortable Provision. The editor of the Kent News, published at Charlestown, Maryland, has burdened himself with \$50,000 and a wife. He has truly encountered a *Miss Fortune*.

Townsend's Sarsaparilla. Samuel P. Townsend, the founder of "Townsend's Sarsaparilla," has sold out his good will and interest in the stuff. The purchaser is Mr. T. W. Cummings, a druggist in New York. The price paid is one hundred thousand dollars for the good will, and twenty thousand for the raw materials.

Expense of the Army and Navy. The Secretary of the Treasury estimates the expenses of the government for the year 1850 at over \$45,000,000; of this sum, \$9,575,678 is for the Navy, and \$35,841,327 for the Army—one-third of the whole national expenditure.

Look out for Quarters. An extensive issue of bogus American Quarter Dollars is taking in the public of Baltimore and other cities. They are dated 1847 and are perfect imitations of the genuine. There is no detecting them except by ringing. They lack the music of honest silver.

The Marquis of Waterford. Lately gave two poor men £20 to proceed to America, who were brought before him, charged with poaching on his grounds.

A Legislative Agricultural Club has been formed by some sixty or seventy members of the Virginia Legislature, for the purpose of improving the members in agricultural knowledge during the sessions of the Legislature. It is the best move that will be made by that body during the session.

New Panorama. It is stated that Henry "Box" Brown, as he calls himself, the fugitive from slavery at the South, is preparing a panorama of the slave trade and life on a plantation. There is no objection to the title, only let it be faithfully executed, and as the Southern States glory in the peculiar institution, the panorama ought to be even more popular there than at the North.

Lumber in California. A private letter from California states that lumber was scarce and in demand again at \$300 and \$325 per M. The eastern lumber was preferred, that from Oregon being found to be too hard to work with.

Death of a Missionary. A letter from Mr. Smith, published in the Missionary Herald, announces the death of Mrs. Appoth, at Pandit, Ceylon, on the 24 of September last.

Robbery of Gold Dust. A despatch from Philadelphia, dated 26th, states that John Connell, a passenger in the Empire City, arrived in that city on Tuesday evening, and while stopping at Congress Hall, he was robbed of \$4000 in gold dust and money. No trace of the thief.

Sudden Death. We learn from the Calais Advertiser that Mr. James McLean of Milltown, Calais, a teamster, was kicked in the stomach on Thursday last, by one of his horses, and killed instantly. He not even gasped after he received the kick.

Cholera. The Alexandria, (Red River) Republican, of the 8th ult., says that the cholera has reappeared on several plantations on Red River, that it prevails to some extent in Madison, Carroll, and some other of the northern parishes, and that its course is marked with considerable fatality among the negroes.

The Mormons. The Western Reporter (Missouri) says that the Mormons are seizing and trying missionaries for having aided in expelling them (the Mormons) from the State; and that they have imposed a tax of 50 per cent. on all goods carried into their valley from the States.

Robbery. Mr. Conant's store at Machias Port, was entered last Monday night, by forcing open a window in the second story, and about three dollars in change, a pair of boots, and some other small articles taken.

Depot Burnt. The railroad depot, Richmond, Va., was destroyed by fire on the 24th. Thirty-two loaded cars, and 10,000 bushels of wheat, and much other property, were destroyed. Loss \$100,000.

Another gold mine. A gold mine was recently discovered in Montgomery county, Md. Large quantities of ore have been raised, which will yield at the rate of \$1,000 in pure gold to every ton of ore. The gold is twenty carat fine.

Duelling in Kentucky. The Convention of the State of Kentucky, has decided to incorporate in the new Constitution, a clause excluding any one who has fought a duel, or sent a challenge, from office in the Commonwealth.

New York City Expenses. The estimates of the expenses of New York for 1850, are \$3,415,390.

San Francisco Hospital. The terms of admission to the San Francisco hospital are: to a room with one bed, \$10 per day; to a room with two beds, \$10 per day; to a ward, \$5 per day.

Cutting the Wires. A man has been arrested at St. John, by the name of Shepherd, for cutting the telegraph wires on the route to Halifax. He was examined and ordered to give bail in \$5000, to take his trial at the next term of the supreme court. He was thought to have accomplices.

The Ohio Senate has balloted two hundred and nineteen times for a speaker, without success.

Cassius M. Clay acquitted. The jury in the case of Cassius M. Clay, charged with the murder of Turner, at Foxtown, acquitted Clay of the charge.

Thanksgiving in Canada. The governor of Canada has appointed Thursday, January 3, to be observed as a day of general thanksgiving throughout the province.

Despatch. A portion of the rails upon the just finished Cayuga and Senecaquahanna railroad, were made from iron, the ore of which, thirty days before they were laid down, was taken from the bed in its virgin state.

Funeral obsequies of military men. It appears that the whole bill for the funerals of Gen. Worth, Col. Duncan, and Major Gates, in New York city amounts to \$2,223.

Sir Henry Bulwer. The British Minister, arrived at Washington in the British steam sloop Heeste, with two attaches and four servants. His wife also accompanied him.

Map of the Mountains. We have seen the outline of a Map of the relative position and bearings of the principal Mountains in the northwest section of Maine, now in the course of preparation, by Moses B. Sears, Esq. of Winthrop. Mr. Sears has spent much time in his observations on the geographical position of the numerous mountains in that portion of our State, and we are glad to find that he will ultimately succeed in mapping them correctly.

CLOTHING THE NAKED. The Augustus Juvenile Benevolent Society were out in full action on New-Year's Day. They have been employed some time in making up clothing for destitute children, which they distributed on that day. God bless them all. May they never need clothes themselves, or lack a heart to help those who do.

THE CONSPIRACY CASE. The individuals concerned in the assault upon H. K. Baker, Esq., of Lowell, last fall, for acting as Justice in some of the "Liquor Cases," had their trial on last Monday. The Jury brought them in guilty of Riot and Conspiracy.

TALL ON A LITTLE BOSSING GROW. Mr. James Wheeler of Winthrop has a steer only four years old last spring, that *gives eight feet and three inches*. If you have got one that will mate him, you and uncle Jeeves can get up a steer-team worth looking at.

FINE APPLES. A fine lot of excellent apples was left at our office last week, from the orchard of Stephen Blaisdell, of Mercer. There were two varieties, known as the "Cummings apple," and the "Pumpkin sweet."

DOINGS OF CONGRESS. MONDAY, DEC. 24.

SENATE. Messrs. Jefferson Davis, and Greene of Rhode Island, were appointed a committee, to be joined by the House, to wait on the President, and inform him that Congress was organized.

Mr. Dickson presented a memorial from the Chamber of Commerce of New York, respecting Whitney's Pacific Railroad project.

Mr. Cass offered a resolution inquiring into the expediency of suspending diplomatic correspondence with Austria, which was laid over.

Mr. Foote gave notice of his intention to introduce bills for the governments of California, Deseret and New Mexico.

Mr. Bradbury offered a resolution, calling for charges filed in the department against officers removed since the 4th of March last. Laid over.

Mr. Seward suggested the appointment of a select committee on the Census.

The President's Message was received, read, and ordered to be printed.

HOUSE. A resolution was offered to adopt the rules of the last session, which was laid upon the table.

Mr. Evans's resolution to draw for the choice of seats was adopted, and seats were accordingly drawn.

The President's Message was received, and acted upon as in the upper branch.

Speaker Cobb announced the receipt of several communications from the Secretary of the Treasury, after which the House adjourned to Thursday.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Empire City, Capt. Wilson, arrived at New-York, on Tuesday morning, with news from San Francisco to the 10th of November, which was brought to Panama by the steamship Panama, from San Francisco, with 250 passengers, and \$500,000 in gold dust. The passengers and gold were transferred to the Empire City, across the Isthmus.

The Empire City brought no mails. The mail by the Panama will come by the Panama.

The first election in the embryo State of California, took place on the 13th of November. A correspondent of the Boston Atlas says, "We have but few returns at hand, but enough have been received to justify the saying that Peter H. Burnett is elected Governor, John McDougal, Lieutenant-Governor, and W. Wright, Representative to Congress."

Mr. Wright is a young man, a native of Massachusetts, and for a number of years resided in Boston, where he was occasionally employed in the office of a newspaper office, directing the mails. He afterward went to Nantucket, where he married a highly respectable young lady; from thence, he emigrated to California, about a year since. He is a genuine Yankee, and calculated to make considerable noise in California, or elsewhere.

In San Francisco, there were 3200 votes polled—less by 1200 or 1500 than was anticipated. The election passed off quietly.

The following items from the Boston Traveller:

THE SEASON AND WEATHER. The rainy season appears to have commenced a month earlier than last year, and to have had a depressing influence upon business. The rain began on the 10th of November, and has continued, almost without intermission, up to the 15th, deluging the whole country. On the night of the 6th, the Alta California says, more than twelve inches of rain fell on a level.

THE MINES AND THE MINERS. The accounts from the mines are very meagre. The miners on the principal rivers, when last heard from, were said, in general, to be doing well—many of them being engaged in prospecting for gold. The miners of the Sierra Nevada, however, are said to be doing badly, and to be suffering from the want of food and clothing.

The stage from Sacramento City to Monrovia, has been obliged to suspend its trips.

On the Yuba river, a population of 3000, it is said, were working industriously, and so successful as to average about two ounces of gold to every ton of ore. The gold is twenty carat fine.

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ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBERIA.

Fourteen days later from Europe. The British Mail Steamer Camberia, with eighty-two passengers and crew, arrived at Liverpool on Dec. 15, and from Paris to the 13th, arrived at Halifax on the morning of Dec. 28th. The following condensed summary of the news is copied from the Telegraphic Reports to the Boston papers.

ENGLAND. Commercial affairs continue in a quiet and steady position. There had been an advance of 1 of a penny per lb. on most descriptions of cotton, and the supply of American cotton in market was not so great as last year by \$5,000 bales. The money market continues easy, and there had been a further increase of bullion in the Bank of England.

Accounts from Manchester and the manufacturing districts are not unsatisfactory, notwithstanding that the export markets have been affected by the setting in of winter so early, and so severely in the north of Europe.

Queen Adelaide died on the morning of Sunday, the 2d of December, in the 53th year of her age. Her remains were interred on the 13th, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

In political circles there is but little news. Numerous cabinet councils have been held, and it is thought that Parliament will meet about the middle of January, for the despatch of business.

The question of a reduction in the national expenditure has assumed a new aspect. The reduction of the amount of discount by the Bank from 3 to 2 1/2 per cent., as it is said, is the precursor of the rise in Consols to par, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer will lay before the holders of stock, a proposal to accept a reduced rate of interest by the Government.

Another expedition is about being fitted out, to go to Behring's Straits, and further to the Eastward in search of Sir John Franklin. Capt. Sir Edward Belcher is thought will have the command.

The death of Ebenezer Elliott, the corn law rhymist, is announced.

FRANCE. On the night of the 3d Dec. M. Pons's proposition for the abolition of the name of political offenders condemned by default, in the pillory, was rejected by a large majority of the Assembly.

Four hundred of the insurgents of June arrived in Paris from Havre and were liberated by the Attorney General, on the 4th.

The elections have been postponed to the 25th of January, 1850. It now appears that no difference had arisen between the President and ministry. M. Bonnet's amendment for reducing the contingent force has been rejected by the assembly.

On the 7th only two measures of the least importance were discussed in the Assembly: one of which was for a grant of money to complete the tomb of Emperor Napoleon, and this was withdrawn by government; and the other was a proposition to have three million francs advanced to workmen's associations by the state. This was refused.

A stamp duty of 4 centimes is about to be levied on all newspapers, and the Republic has originated the idea of establishing under the control of the State, Banks of Mutual Assistance, for the working classes.

Dec. 8th. The further accounts from Algiers state that not a single shot in all Zatcha has been left to tell the tale of its end and mournful overthrow by the French. The whole city is desolate.

The motion to abolish punishment by death for all classes of offences was this day rejected by the Assembly.

The Court Martial at Lyons has just delivered its sentence on the parties implicated in the affair of the 13th of June. They were condemned to from one to five years' imprisonment. This day, for the first time, the London Times carried the news of the execution of Louis Napoleon at St. James's Palace.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY. Our advice from Constantinople come down to the 25th of November. As yet the extradition question has not been settled, nor according to best authorities was it likely to be settled. The Emperor had up to that time, persisted in his demands for having the enemies of Russia, (as he calls the Hungarians and Poles) banished from the Ottoman Empire. The election passed off quietly.

These demands the Porte resists, and so the matter stands. During the early part of the week it was thought here that the whole affair had been arranged, but that turns out to be untrue.

In the opinion of the "Times" correspondent, the Emperor is merely desirous of postponing a decision until the spring, and in the meantime will be more favored by the season. In the meantime Turkey is making preparations to meet him, should he advance. The English fleet had left the Dardanelles. Russia is increasing her fleet. The Emperor has been sending troops from the Russian Empire, and at St. Petersburg, on December 2d, it was announced that the Minister of Finance had been empowered to issue exchequer bills to the amount of six millions of silver roubles.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY. The state of siege will be removed from Vienna on the 1st of January. The Emperor has returned to Schobrunn from Prague. Orders have been sent to the army of observation to be ready to march at a moment's notice. The Emperor has returned to Schobrunn from Prague. Orders have been sent to the army of observation to be ready to march at a moment's notice.

The Saxons frontier as possible. Affairs in Hungary continue unsettled. A Pesh paper states that Prince D. Metternich has written a letter to an Austrian Minister, in which he declares that the Austrian Government is prepared to accept of the terms proposed by the Emperor of Austria, unless Hungary is maintained in its preceding relations as a state separate from Austria. Thirteen recent condemnations have been commuted to imprisonment with hard labor for 30, 18, and 10 years. Vienna is completely unoccupied in soul.

The Cologne Gazette publishes letters from a correspondent who has recently made an excursion into Hungary. He declares that lamentable desolation and misery reign in the land; that old men, women, and children are seen in want of the most elementary necessities of life; and that fertile and cultivated lands have fallen to a lower price than the virgin forests of America. Many of the great proprietors have disposed of their estates. Letters from Vienna of the 5th inst. state that a ministerial crisis is at hand in this Capital.

ITALY. Letters from Naples announce that great arrangements were in progress, but for what object was unknown. The fortress of Gaeta was being repaired and armed. The pontifical frontier is being held by the army of the Pope, and the new French chief is resolute and firm. In an address to the troops he says, "your mission is not ended." The treasury of the Cardinal triumvirate is reported to be insolvent. No time has yet been fixed for the return of the Pope.

INDIA. The express in advance of the overland mail, arrived at Liverpool on the 7th inst., with advices from Bombay of the 3d of November, and from Calcutta up to the 24th of October. The whole of India, with the exception of the small province of Coomoor was quite peaceable. All the Sikh chiefs, who were implicated in the late conspiracy with Sher Singh, have been captured.

"THE BURNING OF THE DEAD." Seven negro slaves of Mr. Robert Beverly, of Sunflower, Miss., entered his room where he was asleep, and strangled him to death. They dressed him in his clothes, boots, &c., placed his rifle near him, and threw him into the Mississippi River, where his body was found. One of the slaves was the body-servant of Mr. Beverly. They have all confessed the deed, and are in prison. Mr. Beverly was a much esteemed, mild, and tolerant gentleman.

LATER FROM THE PLAINS, ST. LOUIS, DEC. 26. By an arrival at this place, from the Plains we learn that the snow is very deep, and that the Indians were less troublesome. The Military Commandant at Fort Laramie has effected a treaty with the Pawnee Indians.

BANK ROBBERY ALLEGED. The Providence Journal states that a man named Asaph Howard, was arrested on Thursday evening, in that city, on suspicion of having been concerned in robbing the Phoenix Bank, of Westerly, of \$15,000, was afterwards discharged, on evidence being found against him.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Followed by the Senate and House of Representatives.

The Farmer.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS
OF THE FARMER.
OF THE MAINE FARMER.

January 1, 1900.

SCENE, MAINE FARMER OFFICE.—Time, midnight of December 31, 1899. The Farmer, in his study, sits alone, looking out at the snow-covered landscape. He is surrounded by books, papers, and a small fire burning in the grate. He is thinking of the past year and the future.

FORWARD—Come in, friend Time! how art thou now? Methinks I see, upon thy brow, Signs that a little space of rest Would soothe thy lips and parting breast; For, truth to say, the way you drive Around us, this mortal life, Called Earth, would weary stronger powers Than seem to be in that frame of yours. 'Tis but a month or two ago, You were here, and, as I know, 'Twas then you gave me, to my joy, To measure off to us '99. It seems you've put us on the course Quicker than Barret's Iron Horse. Could do that same with force of steam, And earthquake added to his team.

TIME—Aye, you're right, you're right! You Printer's Devil Have hearts on light and word of wit, That days and months pass swiftly by, Nor need you bow the moments fly. To you my annual visits seem More like the semblance of a dream, Crowding, as 'twere, in one short hour, The scenes that filled whole years before. Not so with him who waits in vain, In full of grief and weary pain, With all the life, which, as you know, Mortals are heirs to here and there. These call me slow, and murmur sore, Because I will not hurry more.

But here, methinks, short as my tour Has been, since I went to bed, Changes have taken place, that here Are marked with many a falling tear: I miss from 'mong your social band One smiling face, one proffered hand— One heart with kindly feelings drest, One soul with kindly feelings drest, One soul, alas! from earth has flown, To swell the angelic hosts of heaven. Well may ye weep—when in the grave Ye plant the choicest flowers to live; Where cherubs, 'tho' short, is the dearest rest Of those whose life has passed in bliss. Well may ye weep—when in the grave Ye plant the choicest flowers to live; Where cherubs, 'tho' short, is the dearest rest Of those whose life has passed in bliss.

But come, our duties call us on, Another year must be begun, Least mortals, whose breathing sin Is life's short dream, should ne'er again Beside themselves, but point to us For precedent as to the way.

How is your old poetic grudge? In good repair? Or do we find Her Disappointed out of tune,— Mus as a toad in the last of June?— Will she utter, while you're turning, "Thoughts that trouble" and words all burning?

FORWARD—In truth, friend Time, we hardly know Whether the poets rhyme or reason, For sure we've not been tried by reason, Come, recall, put a little spirit on the main shaft—bait the reels—set the index on to the rolling gale. Let's have a touch of the Shakespearean Hot solo Catonian Soliloquy. Turn away, whee-hoo!

Recall's Soliloquy. To dig or not to dig, Gold or no gold? That's the question, Whether 'tis best to struggle for California, And gather tithes by scratching in Sacramento's bottom, and grizzly bears Grinning to death, or dig here In poverty penury, by setting types And catching shillings?

And catching shillings? To dig or not to dig, Gold or no gold? That's the question, Whether 'tis best to struggle for California, And gather tithes by scratching in Sacramento's bottom, and grizzly bears Grinning to death, or dig here In poverty penury, by setting types And catching shillings?

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For every week in the year that's past, he's placed within your hands, and news from foreign lands. He's 'told you with him o'er the sea, and shown you there the strife. That men against their tyrants wage, for liberty and life.

In California's golden lands, he's told you what's been done. How some have gathered heaps of gold, and some have gathered none. Even as it is in every place, throughout God's vast domain, Some heap up riches fast, and some, in poverty remain.

He's kept the Merchant "posted up," in rates of stock on change. When city prices fluctuate—the difference of exchange. And told him how the matter stood, of supply and demand.

From "Maine to Georgia"—and throughout our wide extended land. The Farmer, too, he's ne'er forgot, but told them all he knew. 'Bout soils, and crops, and sheep and kine, and where the best fruit grew.

He's given them many a portrait, too, of cattle, horse and hog. Of barns and buildings, sheep and hens, and shepherds' faithful dog. Indeed, 'twould take him all the year to tell you all he's done.

So here he'll stop and take the change, and then he'll trudge on. And God be with him always—bless, your basket and your store.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

THE DEMON OF WINTER.

Behold! in the forests and lone sunny uplands, No longer the music of Autumn is heard, But the fall of a death-shroud rests black on the highlands, And glooms o'er the vales that lie cheerless and bare.

'T is the Demon of Winter, his footsteps retreating, That through such a change o'er the plains and the hills, And through such a change o'er the plains and the hills, And through such a change o'er the plains and the hills.

Now fearless and fast he is heading along, In the pride of his power and the boast of his might, And he pipes to the wind-god an illoding song, While the storm-spirits blow through the long winter night.

Not the wayfarer wanderer, bewildered and cold, Can move with compassion this ice-hearted king; Not the homeless and poor, the decrepit and old, Can escape from his vengeance, untouched by his sting.

You may trace far before him the blight of his breath, Or behind him the ruin he leaves in his wake; You may read on his banner the dread motto of "Death," As you gaze o'er the landscape of beauty bereft.

He comes—thence a mournful melody 'T is true— Loud wailing the dirge of the expiring year, And he spreads as he goes o'er the corpse pulled low, The white sheet that unfolds it, all gloomy and drear.

Make way for him then, with no fruitless endeavor, Presume with his hand-bearing hosts to engage, For in vain is the frost that assails to deliver The land from old evils, inflated with rage.

Wistful, Dec. 20, 1898.

The Story-Teller.

From the American Traveller.

MY WIFE'S NEW CARPET.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

Reader, I am a married man,—have been such for six years; indeed, this very day completes the sixth anniversary of my wedding. Now, I am not about to declaim against the nuptial state, nor am I about to harangue in favor of single blessedness, altho' I am not at present suffering from their restraining-places the exciting scenes and pleasant amusements of former days,—the beauty of independence, non-responsibility, and free circulation among the fair sex; nor shall I arraign before you the anxiety, the perplexities, the sufferings, double, triple, quadruple, or more, as the case may be, according to the number, kind, health, and habits of the family. I shall not advise you, like a young man up to his chin in the honey-moon, to jump in and enjoy the exquisitely pleasant death; nor, like some of Greece, shall I endeavor to dissuade you from the enticing noose. I ran the gauntlet for years, but was finally taken. My opinion is formed on the subject, and that opinion is based on experience. I have been married for years, and I have been married for years, and I have been married for years.

As we were seated at the tea-table, one evening, with a bright, blue-eyed son at the side of each of us, one of them, a boy about five years old, the other a mere prattling child of two, just beginning to mend the English he had broken since his first lipings of speech,—my wife suggested that our chamber carpet was become unfit for use.

"Well, my dear," said I, "if that's the case, we may have another but, I'll look at it to-morrow."

"Do, Charles, for there's to be an auction to-morrow, at No. 23 C—street, and two carpets will be sold. We can purchase one cheap."

"Dance take the auction! If you need a carpet, it will be much better to go directly to a store and buy a new and suitable one; you can there have your choice; you will be sure it is new; you can examine it for yourself; you can cut easily; and not be carried away by the confusion of the company, the importunities, wit, chatter, and jeers of the auctioneer, the sly remarks of underbidders, &c."

"Trust me for that! I have attended auctions too often to be imposed upon by such actions. It will be a great saving. To be sure, Charles, our chamber is small, and a carpet will cost but little; yet the comparative saving will be considerable, and you know our household motto is, 'Economy in everything.'"

"Yes, my dear, economy—"

"Well, I have no doubt of purchasing a carpet good enough for our room for ten dollars. Mrs. B. bought a beautiful one, the other day, for eight. Now, let us go and examine those to be sold to-morrow."

This request was reasonable, and I acceded to it. We were off betimes in the morning. The red flag floated from the window. A moment brought our feet upon the arduous, outstreached floor. It may be as well to remark in passing, that my wife had engaged a gigantic, raw-boned, verdant servant-girl, named Isabel, fresh from Pictou, at nine shillings a week, to help do the final cleaning of paint, windows, &c. With her had been left the children and the house for safekeeping.

"What an elegant carpet! What a splendid green! What a delicate figure! It will set off our room in fine style," remarked my wife.

"Remark!" inquired I, "what room? I thought you wanted a chamber carpet?"

"Well, so we do; and I thought as our sitting-room carpet was somewhat defaced, we could transfer that to the chamber, and buy one for the sitting-room."

"But, my dear, this is better than our parlor carpet."

"Well, then," said she, "it is immaterial; we can put down the parlor carpet in the sitting-room, and this in the parlor. What do you think this is worth?"

"I can't tell; it is nailed to the floor."

"Well, I shall go as high as fifty cents a yard. That will be cheap. I know it will be a bargain."

I separated from her. She went home to wait for the auction to commence. I went to my daily labor.

On my return home, at noon, I looked around for the carpet, but she had not bought. It went to the parlor, rather hastily, and shutting the door.

"Will you believe me that that hussy has secured all the paint from this door, let Willie reveal in the preserve till he strewed the juice all over the floor, and bedaubed the paper from one end of the room to the other; and little Josey, poor fellow, fell from the top of the stairs, bruising him dreadfully. Look,—did you ever! And then the green stupid told me I ordered her to scour the paint! instead of the dirt!"

And sure enough, and have had been committed. The room called aloud for a new coat of paint, and the wall for a new coat of paper, while the youngest child suffered severely with his wounds, and the oldest became sick from the surf, which involved a doctor's bill and much anxiety. All this happened during my wife's absence to see the carpet.

"Heavens!" exclaimed I, "if a mere view of the carpet costs so much, what will the carpet itself cost?"

"I am sorry, my dear, sorry as you are. I bleed at every pore, to witness this destruction; but Mrs. B. ran in a minute, this afternoon, and said there was an auction advertised for to-morrow."

"Now," I interposed, "I protest against the auction. Let me go to a store and buy you a chamber carpet, new and fresh. It will be cheaper in the end."

"Oh, no, indeed! A parlor carpet—Mrs. B. says a beautiful one will be sold to-morrow, at No. 8 F—street, and if you'll go with me, I'll make up my mind on the spot. If it is not suitable, you may buy a new one."

We went, and overhauled many articles. After a while, we parted as before. On my return at night, my wife came in full nervous spirit, meeting me at the threshold, her eyes glistening as she came.

"Come, Charles, come and see my purchases. I have made some elegant purchases, and you'll say so!" said she, preceding me into the sitting room.

"See this bed! only ten dollars!"

"The duce! only ten dollars!"

"And this bureau, only eight dollars!"

"Worse and worse! old-fashioned concern!"

"And this other bed! for our cot bedstead; only eight dollars!"

"Oh, dear, suez!" sighed I, involuntarily. But my wife seized the idea of her purchases so happily, that I hated to express my real sentiments in full. She proceeded, enumerating articles, intensely, penetrating me with a scrutinizing gaze to worm my view out.

The spectacle before me was appalling to a man who had been long ranking his wife to save money from his daily earnings for his wife's supply of food, provisions, clothes, taxes, rent, &c., and for the carpet in question. At this right, was my wife's mother, holding a dingy, dirty looking tick, filled with feathers; and as I grasped it to examine their quality, and as I exclaimed, "take care, Charles, they'll fly all over you!"

"How!" asked I, looking round for a flock of birds.

"Don't you see this hole! The tick has been burned, and mended, but it is so rotten, that it wouldn't hold together,—take care! there they fly!"

"Hem!" said I—"twenty years old, I suppose."

"No matter," rejoined she, "put them into a new tick; it won't cost over two dollars; we can make it in two days. Cut up the other for towels."

"How are the feathers?" inquired I.

"Considerably worn, but clean, and not entirely worn out. Now, look at the bureau, said my wife, triumphantly tussling her head, "what think you of that purchase?"

"I am no judge of furniture," answered I, not knowing what else to say about an old fashioned bureau with great brass plates and rings, large as antiquated warlock knockers, to pull out the drawers, and began to twirl them with his fingers, to hear them rattle, when they fell out, rolling on the floor, as if struck by a tornado.

"Hurra! there they go, mother!" shouted he.

My wife's weeping willows were swept merrily along her eldest son's arms, making them tingle and the other side of his mouth take its turn on the outside notes.

I said nothing, but gazed in mute amazement at the useless trumpery, as I lay in a heterogeneous mass before me. I thought the more; and who could have helped it, as the motley repulsive of my money stared me in the face. What a transmutation of the gold into rubbish that auction effected! What an alchemist was that auctioneer!

He was a good, worthy, old deacon; or I should have thought hard of him; that he had designedly imposed upon my wife, who was a stranger to him, and had taken her in, though not very elegantly, perhaps.

My wife could not endure my moody silence; neither would she venture to ask its cause in presence of her mother. So she invited me into the parlor, where she conducted me to a chair, and sitting close by my side, asked imploringly my candid opinion of her purchases.

I told her she knew our circumstances as well as I, and what we had been endeavoring to accomplish. I repeated our motto of "True economy in everything." This brought the tears; and she would force me a new veil and shawl she had intended to get, and would have her old bonnet fixed over; and finally wound up the perplexed predicament by surrendering to me entirely the purchase of the carpet.

This was an impossibility, as our funds were already exhausted; and she was consequently obliged to wait with an uncarpeted floor till I could earn and save enough to buy the much desired article.

In the course of time it appeared that Isabel, the good-hearted but rather obtuse domestic had taken a fine woven linen cloth, which my wife's times with her own hands, and which was according to her own estimate, a curiosity and keepsake,—she had appropriated that choice and precious relic to her use as a scouring-cloth, and had, with her soap, sand, and main strength, worn it out in tears.

This discovery was a fresh source of grief to my wife, and was told me in connection with the fact that she had so pricked the side of her right fore-finger in sewing the new bed-tick, as to disable it for any needle-work at present. It was colored with the thread and fastened by the needle, and was not slightly more I can assure you, as its cure was the slow work of a fortnight.

After the lapse of two days, on my arrival home at night, I came in through the back porch, when I was suddenly wakened not to sleep, as I should be smothered with feathers.

For there at my wife's mother at the head of the back stairs, apparently obscured by a thick fog or storm of feathers, I saw a new one, and the quills were floating about her bravely. This cloud I avoided by speeding into the sitting-room, where I arrived just in time to witness my wife's temporary excitement at Josey's mischief.

"There," said she, "that boy is continually clambering up the stairs, to the bureau; and he whizzes round those brasses like fun. I am almost crazy."

It was too true. The little rogue had seen his older brother do it, and monkey-like, he imitated the action; so that we were not seldom entertained with a shower of rattling brass, which grated harshly on his mother's sensitive ears, and awakened some other unpleasant associations connected with the sale.

All these annoyances lost their power in time, and at length came the carpet in good condition and at full cost. By the operation, my better half dearly learned the danger and expense of attending auctions, even when presided over by a pious and conscientious deacon. And now, patient reader, if you can calculate the cost of that carpet, you are a better accountant than I. At any rate, hereby learn to count the cost of a carpet before you go to purchase, as you would the price of a house, before the wedding. Should you, by the way, desire more data than are herein furnished for your computation, just call at No. 6 P—street, and you shall also be gratified with a fair and unobtrusive view of my wife's new carpet.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE HONOR OF HONESTY.

"When shall I get a new bonnet?" doubtfully soliloquized a young serving girl, who, in a dismal back garret, where a great baby was sleeping, was despondently considering her head-gear, as she prepared to go out one Saturday evening.

She might be excused from reflecting on the subject for the coarse straw bonnet which had never been handsome was now sun-burnt and dirty, and with its soiled and faded ribbon, looked hardly neat, though it had been carefully kept.

"I declare," I almost ashamed to go to church in it, it's so dirty," she confessed, as she turned it round in her hand; "though maybe it's a piece with my gown and shawl; but come, they're not dirty neither. I wonder whether mother can spare me my wages this week! Perhaps she can't; I know she was sure of work last Saturday; well, we'll see." So saying, she tied on the shabby bonnet, and carefully folded up two shillings, which she took from the window ledge, she put them into her pocket; and giving a last glance at her little bed, to see that her baby bed-fellow was safely tucked in, she hurried out of the room, and out of the house, away on her weekly visit to her family.

Bessie Abbott was a pretty, pleasant looking girl of nearly eighteen, strong, active, and industrious. She was the daughter of a worthless man, and an excellent woman. The teaching of the latter had borne good fruit in Bessie, who, though only a drudge in the family of a little shopkeeper, was a neat and excellent servant, as far as her knowledge went; while her integrity and good temper would have rendered her valuable in any situation. She was in the receipt of what she considered the handsome income of two shillings a week, for which with her board and lodging, she did everything in her employer's house; for her mistress was constantly engaged in the shop, and left the whole care of her five children, as well as all her household work, to "Pretty Bessie;" and never was burden laid upon a more willing worker. Bessie's father did little for the support of his household, he spent half his time, and more than half his earnings in the beer-shop; and the little money left for his wife did hardly more than supply her board, sometimes, indeed, he even demanded food when he had given no means of procuring it. The burden of the family of course fell wholly on his poor wife, who was a quick and dexterous needle-woman, and who was glad to obtain any species of work by which she might earn a little; for her supply from the tailor, who were her usual employers, was not very regular, and sometimes failed altogether for a time.

Bessie was the eldest of a large family of children; the next two in age to herself, a boy and girl of fifteen and thirteen, were both well placed, though neither could contribute to the family income; but there were seven still younger, entirely dependent on their poor mother's exertions. Such need not wonder that a girl so affectionate as Bessie should have felt very doubtful of the possibility of buying a new bonnet; for, unlike too many in her situation, she never felt that her mother's use, and as only happy in the thought that she was enabled to contribute to that mother's comfort; and in this respect her natural feelings were aided by higher principles, implanted by Him who so severely censured the unfaithful conduct of the profaning Jew.

As Bessie hurried along the streets to her mother's house, which was on the other side of the town, she cast many a wistful glance towards the displays of bonnets and ribbons in the shop windows, and even paused once or twice to bestow particular admiration; nay, she went so far as to decide what shape she would buy, and how it should be trimmed if she could get the money for it; and she had strong hope of being able to do this, because she knew her mother had been promised more work than she could accomplish for several weeks to come. At last Bessie reached her home, which was an ill-lighted room, with a dark closet adjoining, in a tumble-down old house, situated in one of the courts of a densely-populated neighborhood, and tenanted by five or six families besides the Abbots. It was home, however, and Bessie felt that it was so, after running up the tottering stairs, she opened the door of her mother's room, which, if not very comfortable, was at least very clean.

"Oh, Bessie, here is Bessie!" cried a voice of little more than a child's. "Here is Bessie, she's crying!" and two of the young things seized their darling sister by her dress, and pulled her forward, as though at her coming their mother's tears must dry.

"What is the matter, mother dear?" cried Bessie, frightened, as she approached a neat, careworn woman, who, with her hands convulsively pressed together, and silent tears dropping from her eyes, looked absorbed in hopeless distress.

"Bessie, Bessie, what shall we do?" she exclaimed, as her daughter knelt, and threw her arms around her. "What will become of us?"

"Oh, mother, what is the matter! What has happened?" returned Bessie, her own tears beginning to flow in sympathy and alarm. "Oh, dear! I thought to find you all so comfortable to-night."

"Aye, and so we might have been," answered the terrified girl, all horrible visions of crime starting up before her.

"He has taken away my work, Bessie—my work that I hoped to get so much for—and he has pawned it for drink—I don't know where; and he beat me like a dog when I begged of him to tell me where it was. And the master wanted it, and I hadn't it for him; and oh, he was angry and no wonder; only it's hard upon me, Bessie. And he says the waitresses are worth two pounds, and he'll have them or their worth, if he takes my bed from under me. Then I owe our landlord for a fortnight's rent; for I didn't pay last week, thinking I should be so much better off this time. And I haven't a penny in the house for the children's food; they've been nearly famished as it is, for the waitresses were almost the first money I did. And now where am I to look for to pay my rent I don't know, or how I am ever to pay this dreadful debt; my poor little ones will all be starving about me. How shall I bear it? And then to think who has brought all this upon me. Oh, Bessie, it almost breaks my heart!"

"This is trouble indeed," sobbed poor Bessie, as she least against her mother's shoulder; "I little thought of finding you like this; I came along. But, mother dear, you mustn't be quite cast down; put your trust in our Heavenly Father, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground."